Not As I Planned

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Not As I Planned

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Prompts from twitter and the Cannibal Pub for ABO Season 4 Hannigram for #ItsStillBeautiful (a day late as it was longer than planned!)

Will and Hannibal are not a couple. Will’s first heat after falling from the bluff. All bases covered – Blood, check. Smashing objects, check. Will going into heat during a hunt, check.

Notes

Apologies for the crappiness, I wrote it between midnight and 5am XD

Not Beta'd

It hadn't been part of anyone's plan. It had just happened.

Will, as ever not the *usual* kind of Omega – whatever that meant – was reluctant to put it down to sexual dynamics and physiology despite knowing this was the case. He had spent months seducing and luring in the Chesapeake Ripper, before he was finally imprisoned. Time, distance, settling with a lovely and accommodating Beta - Molly - did nothing to change things. The want, the need, that had grown within Will. Because no matter what Will Graham's brain told him, his body cried out to belong to Hannibal Lecter. No matter how he tried to ignore it, Will knew from the moment he met Doctor Lecter, he was the only Alpha he would ever desire.

So perhaps he could blame his Omega physiology for the completely unplanned moment when he dragged Lecter from the top of the bluff and down into the Atlantic. Overwhelmed in the moment, the only thing he had known was that he wanted them to be together.

The fact that they missed the rocks was a miracle, surviving the freezing ocean was even more luck, as they were swept on a strong current towards shore. If Will had ever believed in fate - read into it that they were supposed to survive, together. Perhaps even that they were meant to be together? The events of that evening would have proved him exactly right.

But if that were really the case shouldn't he be mated and bonded with the doctor by now?

It was almost a year since they dragged themselves from the sea and into a new life on the run. Though of course, they weren't really running- they were living on Hannibal's secreted wealth in a beautiful corner of French Canada. And the doctor had not so much as laid a hand on him. Gone was the casual intimacy and friendship they had enjoyed before. He wasn't even sure sometimes why he was tolerated and allowed to stay when he was clearly no longer trusted. The attempted murder-suicide as Hannibal had seen it, had not gone down well. And Will, still not really knowing why he did it, found Hannibal's opinion difficult to argue against.

It was only when he asked one day why Hannibal hadn't ditched him, that the doctor told him plainly - that Will had nowhere to go and although not mated he saw Will as his responsibility and would not allow him to be endangered.

That had got Will's hopes up for a moment. He had even reached out and touched the Alpha's arm only for him to move away from the touch. Will knew then that there was nothing he was ever going to be able to do to have things be as they once were.

*

Hannibal had walked away as Will had tried to touch him. His skin had burned and a wave of longing so strong ripped through him that he barely trusted himself to contain it. He had told Will the truth when he said he felt responsible for him. But he had stopped short there when he could have explained further. He would never mate and bond with Will unless he was sure the Omega knew his own mind. Years of his own meddling as well as the long reaching fingers of the FBI sinking into the viscous meat of Will's brain left Hannibal unsure that Will truly knew his own mind.

Bonds are only under consent.

He believed that so completely, so strongly, that there was no way that he could accept Will as his Omega if he had any doubt at all. If Will wanted him it was purely his physiology. Will would never love him, of that he was sure. He would never return the love Hannibal bore for him.

*

Will curled his fists in anger and tried to stay calm. Getting into trouble with the local authorities would have them on Interpol and FBI radars before they could blink. Right now they were dead as far as anyone was concerned, but it would only take one little slip up to set a fire under Jack Crawford.

And that was why Will didn't punch the patronising asshole Beta behind the reception desk, square in his fucking jaw.

"Clearly I didn't plan on running out of suppressants." When they had emerged from the Atlantic they had broken into a pharmacy for supplies to fix their wounds. Will had also grabbed the meds he needed but without his usual script from his usual doctor he just hadn't realised how low his supply had run.

"Well, dear, you really should think ahead." The patronising tone made Will's jaw tighten. "Your form says you're unmated, so really, it is down to you alone to ensure you have adequate suppressants if you have chosen to suppress your heats. This isn't what our emergency appointment service caters to. You'll just have to put up with it this one time." Spoken like someone who had never been in heat. Will wanted to tear off the Beta's smug face but instead he spoke through grit teeth.

"I have already explained this *is* an emergency! My luggage was lost when we moved here and I was previously prescribed Omegynon so if I come off it now I will have to wait another year before going back on. I don't want to switch to different pills."

It was one of the few pills prescribed for long term use, it had side effects if you didn't take it properly because it fucked so badly with 'nature'. Will wondered if he imagined the look of

disdain from the receptionist. Even Betas looked down on Omegas deliberately suppressing their heats long-term. He watched as the Beta scanned over his form again.

“Hmm, I’m surprised you are listing yourself as currently unemployed. Most Omegynon users are career Omegas.” The words were snapped out in a way that was clear the Beta found that option just as distasteful.

“Look…. Can I get an emergency appointment with the doctor or not?”

A petulant grin crossed the Beta’s face as he leaned forward to speak quietly to Will - “Mr Edmonds, someone your age should understand that piss poor planning on your part, does not constitute an emergency for someone else.”

Will reeled back, surprised and disgusted at the small minded attitude. But after a moment his tightened jaw relaxed into a dangerous smile and he leaned forward towards the Beta then too - “In a few weeks I will be in heat. Omega’s in heat, especially those who have been suppressing for extended periods, can often lose control. And when we do we are not legally held responsible for our actions. Please remember that when I pay you a visit at that time.”

As he pulled back it was clear that the menacing tone and glare conveyed the threat that he intended.

Will turned and walked out.

*

“They wouldn’t give you suppressants?” Hannibal was of course suspicious. How many Alpha’s had been lured and seduced by Omegas in heat - trapped into bonding with them? His mind was suddenly flooded with images of a naked, writhing Will waiting to be taken by him. He shook the thought aside. He couldn’t trust Will, he reminded himself. He had tried to kill them both with no explanation, aside from everything preceding that. Whether Will still planned the reckoning he had once promised, or whether he was merely controlled by his physiology - he was not to be trusted.

How hard had he really tried to get suppressants? Had he even tried at all? The only way to ensure Will succeeded in obtaining the medication, was if Hannibal helped.

“Perhaps I could accompany you?”

“What good would that do?” Will seemed genuinely deflated, but Hannibal was reminded the Omega was a good actor.

“Perhaps if I…” was he really going to suggest this knowing that it was possibly a step closer to Will’s apparent wish to mate with him? He swallowed. “If I pose as your intended then they are more likely to-”

“To take me seriously.” Will growled angrily but then slowly nodded his acceptance and consent. “Fine. Let’s do it.”

*

It hadn't been easy but they had managed to get a script from a sympathetic doctor. Even so, getting it filled was another issue. In this one horse town it appeared that they had to order such items in and that could take three to six working days. They would be arriving only *just* in time.

"I can't believe it. Well… this is just fucking perfect." Will was angry but what could he do? At worst he would have a gap of three days from his current supply running out to getting the new one. Medically not advised but acceptable if necessary. A slight chance that it could bring on his heat anyway, especially under a stressful or overly emotional situation but there was nothing he could really do.

"Let's just keep our fingers crossed that they arrive sooner rather than later." Hannibal muttered.

Will couldn't help at stab of hurt, knowing the Alpha desired so badly for him to be medicated. It was of course what Will wanted, but to have any Alpha - much less one he desired - go so blatantly against their nature and be so willingly accepting. It hurt.

They walked into the supermarket next the to pharmacy to pick up some essentials while they were in the town, their own suburb not having quite as extensive selections. It was busy, and when they came to pay for their small basket of Hannibal-quality items they chose the shortest line.

The cashier was a young, pretty thing. An Omega maybe half Will's age, and very lovely. Beautiful even. She spoke to them in charming French which Hannibal answered politely. More than politely - suave, even flirty as far as Will was concerned. Will felt rage rear up inside him as he watched the exchange. His French was enough that he knew the talk was innocent even if the tone was overly friendly. Even so, when Hannibal made a stupid joke that wasn't even funny, she let out a light tinkling laugh that drew looks from other Alphas nearby. Will felt himself redden, his arms folded tight as though holding himself together.

It didn't work, because another light laugh and the words came out - loudly and angrily at the young woman - "why don't you just fuck him right here and be done with it!"

Will stormed off as the crowd watched him leave with mixed looks of shock and disgust. He could hear Hannibal apologising behind him.

*

Hannibal found Will waiting by the car.

He couldn't find it in him to be angry at the Omega under such stress with his suppressants, but moreover because didn't that outburst come from a place of want and need? Hannibal wasn't going to fool himself that it came from a place of love. And the want and need were just those reactions to his proximity that were making Will feel this way, clouding his judgment.

Regardless it was flattering to be wanted, to have someone be jealous over him. Someone so beautiful and fierce as Will Graham.

*

Will couldn't believe that Hannibal had left him.

He found the note with his prescription ticket saying that the pills would be delivered - Hannibal having explained the circumstances to the pharmacy and arranged it.

Will's supply ran out yesterday. He had called the pharmacy and they expected delivery tomorrow or the next day.

So Hannibal had left. He had left him!

There was no sure way to tell whether Will would immediately go into heat. If he were off the pills more than a week he knew it was possible, but he'd been taking them for so many years that the cumulative effect made it unlikely a heat would happen unless he came off the medication long term.

But apparently this wasn't something that the Alpha in his life was willing to risk.

"That's right. Run from me! Heaven forbid you might actually want me." His throat burned with emotion.

Will wasn't sure when he made the conscious decision, but he was aware he had made it - the decision to smash every piece of china in their kitchen. The fit of rage seemed to last for hours but was more likely a few tiring minutes. Eventually Will sat down on the kitchen floor and looked at the china strewn on there and on the countertops.

"You and your fucking teacups!" Will felt the tears burn his cheeks.

*

A week. Hannibal had forced himself to stay away a week.

It was the hardest thing he had ever done. Every fibre of his being, every instinct he had, wanted to drag him back to the Omega. He had to remind himself that it was only his physiology, not his higher brain. He was aware that it was the knowledge that of the slightest chance Will would go into heat that made him want to return. He even managed to ignore the guilt eating away at him, and the underlying reason for that guilt - leaving the man he loved at a time he needed him.

When he opened the front door he had been somewhat pleased not to immediately scent Will. As he ventured into the house he was relieved to note that he had did not appear to have gone into heat. Even so, it only alleviated the guilt a small amount. Will was not immediately to be found and Hannibal felt somehow strange calling out for him, so instead he made his way quietly through the house.

The kitchen was a mess of broken plates and kitchen ware piled alongside half eaten food- mostly bowls of cereal, despite Hannibal having left perfectly suitable dinners in the fridge and freezer. His heart stopped for a moment when his eyes moved over a half glued teacup on one of the counters - an attempt to put it back together.

He turned and left the kitchen, unable to accurately fathom the emotion he was feeling.

Before he was even able to try and process it he saw the sitting room. Shelves had been torn down and furniture and pot plants upended. He turned from that room too and found similar carnage along his route. He took the stairs slowly, unsure of what he would find.

The rooms upstairs appeared only unkempt, and at first showed no sign of life. He started to wonder whether Will had left. And wouldn't that solve everything? If Will left and he didn't know where to find him he wouldn't feel obliged to follow him and protect him. They would be parted and could both move on with their lives. The thought made Hannibal's stomach drop.

A sudden fear washed over him at the prospect of Will being gone.

He moved immediately to the Omega's room and found no sign that he had slept there in days. His heart hammered in his chest and his throat tightened. A cold sweat threatened uncomfortably over his skin.

He moved to his own room and was, at first, confused. The room was a mess, so alien to him. It took him a moment to realise that there was in fact a form in his bed, wrapped in a blanket but slowly moving with each breath.

"Will?"

"I thought you weren't coming back. I thought you left me." Will's voice shuddered but the underlying tone was one of anger.

"I thought it best to give you time, if you went into heat…"

"You thought it best to leave me at the time I would have needed you most!?" There was no mistaking the rage in the accusation. "You were gone a week!" Will turned as he spat the words at the Alpha. "I can accept that you don't want me, but that you couldn't even be here just in case I had an emergency."

Hannibal had weighed all of this up and had left anyway, had justified it to himself until these words had spilled from Will, until he was on the receiving end of that bitter glare. "I thought you'd be… safer…without…"

He knew immediately he had chosen the wrong words when Will practically roared from the bed and stood equal height in front of him. A mess, disheveled but wide eyes full of intimidating anger.

"Safe! How fucking dare you! Do you know how safe an unmated Omega is in the suburbs when they go into heat? Do you know how easy that frontdoor would have been for a determined Alpha to kick in? Not everyone has the same dignified intentions as you Hannibal." He paused and began to pace, the rage coming off him in waves. He turned back sharply. "Did you even think to call a clinic to check in on me? Make arrangements for me to have a safe place to stay if I had needed it?"

Hannibal did interject at that. “Will, we discussed in your sessions how awful Omega Clinics are, how you would never want to be in one. Clinical. Impersonal. Damaging…” His words were stern but Will began to laugh them away.

“Are you fucking serious? Of course I’d never want to go if I ever had a choice, but if the choice was between a safe clinic and being stuck here alone and vulnerable. You do the fucking math!” He shouted the last.

Will seemed to run out of steam, he stood panting - eyes averted from Hannibal.

“I’m sorry Will.” Were the only words Hannibal could find. Will scoffed.

But then a moment later Will was pressed against him, his arms wrapped around Hannibal’s neck and holding him close. He buried his face in the scent gland at Hannibal’s neck.

“Don’t ever fucking leave me again.” He got out through gritted teeth.

Hannibal didn’t trust himself to reply. But he knew he *could* never leave Will.

*

Will didn’t move back to his room that night and Hannibal hadn’t argued.

When Hannibal had suggested he take Will’s room instead Will had only said one stern word of protest and Hannibal had stayed.

Will sat on the bed now as he watched Hannibal tidy the room. They hadn’t discussed the breakages. The teacup. Will didn't plan on bringing it up.

Will watched Hannibal’s keen nose twitch as he placed a few items back in his closet. After the third twitch he turned to Will with a curious look.

“You scented my clothing.”

It wasn’t said with any set inflection and yet Will felt defensive. On edge. He near shouted his answer - “I thought you had left me Hannibal, it was an instinct. I needed to smell you, I needed you to smell me. It isn’t logical. It’s nature... “ He turned away from the Alpha’s gaze. “I’ll have them all professionally laundered.” He snapped.

“Please Will…” Hannibal’s tone was half apology and half exasperation.

*

Hannibal had left Will in the bedroom and began cleaning up the rest of the house. Setting things into neat piles and placing broken items into trash bags. It was late by the time the house was in anything resembling order and he made his way back upstairs.

He considered for a moment sleeping in Will’s room. But then he thought better of it. He didn’t want to deal with the reaction when Will woke alone after all that had transpired. But moreover… he wanted to wake up next to Will Graham.

When Hannibal finally enters his room, Will is already asleep, curled up just off-centre in the large bed. Enough room for Hannibal to still sleep on the edge and not share any space with the Omega. He listens to Will's deep breathing for a moment before laying down. He was instantly overwhelmed by Will's scent - he appeared to have scented the pillows. Whether he had done that before or after Hannibal had agreed to share a bed Hannibal was unwilling to ponder.

*

Will woke pressed against Hannibal's side. He opened his eyes slowly and then closed them again as he inhaled the scent of the Alpha and shuddered. He wished the arm he was pressed against was stretched around him, embracing him. His throat grew tight at the reality before him.

Hannibal started to stir. He rolled as he did and wrapped himself around Will for a moment before waking fully and moving back so quickly Will thought he might fall from the bed. The Alpha recoiled so fast that Will just wanted to be swallowed up by the ground. How terrible a feeling it was to have the Alpha you wanted be so repulsed by you.

Could he blame him? Plotting and planning with the FBI. He had manipulated and seduced the Alpha with a promise of a future of them bonded and mated. He'd tried to trap Hannibal, he had left him to rot in a cell when Hannibal had surrendered. And Hannibal had forgiven him all this as Will had forgiven Hannibal for his nature, for his actions - as hard as that had been. But pulling him from the bluff had broken them. He could understand that Hannibal no longer trusted him. He could even understand that Hannibal no longer loved him, no longer wanted him and no longer trusted him. Even if it hurt so very deeply.

"I'll move back to my own room." Will tried to sound angry, but that emotion had waned to sadness. He rose from the bed hoping and perhaps half expecting Hannibal would stop him. He didn't.

*

When Will closed the door behind him, Hannibal lay back onto the bed and exhaled his relief. Surrounded by the scent of the Omega, on the sheets and pillows and in his arms. He felt strung out with unspent emotion. His cock hard and wanting.

It hurt to let Will leave, it hurt to see him pained by it. But it was too much. To have him so close but not his. He ached for Will, had done since the day they had met, but he had no doubt that whatever Will's feelings were towards him they were borne of their proximity and Will's duplicity, not from any real affection.

The thought, as always, made him hurt. And it made him hunger for something that could quell the feeling, silence the pain of it. He longed for a kill.

*

"I'm coming with you." Will was not going to take no for an answer.

Almost a year since they had killed the Great Red Dragon. A year since Will had felt alive and powerful. Before the bluff and the ocean and healing from physical wounds whilst still nursing the emotional and mental ones. Hunting with Hannibal made him feel closer to the Alpha. If he couldn't be his mate, he could at least be his pack. They could hunt together and perhaps that blood lust would quench the other that ate away at Will.

*

Their victim had been carefully chosen. Hannibal knew it was unlikely that simply being rude would be enough of a sleight to drive Will to murder, despite the killer lurking within him. Hannibal mused that Will might have made an exception for the Beta receptionist he had encountered, but realistically it was unlikely.

Instead Hannibal had spent time researching and gathering information on a particularly vile Beta who had avoided sentencing for sexual offences due to technicalities, errors in how he was processed. He was someone that did not deserve to be missed by the world and likely would not be.

*

Will watched as Hannibal snapped the man's neck.

He shook, covered in blood from the spraying wounds he had plunged into the Beta's abdomen. It had been thrilling, equally thrilling to see the power of death in his Alpha's hands.

No. Not his Alpha. He scalded himself and yet couldn't find it in him to dwell on the incorrectness of it. In that moment Hannibal was his and he was Hannibal's.

The blood was drying thick and sticky on his skin as he stood and watched the ecstasy in Hannibal's face as bones cracked and the body fell to the floor.

In that moment he felt a swell. Something he had felt time and again and never put a name to. It wasn't an instinct. It wasn't physiology. It was love. He loved Hannibal Lecter, the man, the Alpha, the monster.

"Hannibal…" He breathed the name out with the realisation. Reached a hand out and Hannibal took it. "Please.... I need you."

Hannibal looked concerned for a moment and moved closer as though to support Will. "Are you hurt."

Will shook his head, some of the strands dripped blood with the movement. "No… I need…"

They were panting together and he could see the longing in Hannibal's eyes. Feel it coming off him in waves.

"I want you…" Will attempted to nuzzle into Hannibal, as he had done moments before pulling them both into the raging sea.

Hannibal went stiff and held Will at arm's length, shaking his head. "Please Will. Don't."

"I need you…" The words were almost a whine as Will slipped passed Hannibal's arms and moved their bodies together, reaching his hands up to caress Hannibal's face.

Hannibal took hold of Will's hands and stilled them. "No… Please, don't'...I can't…"

Will was surprised by the look of pain in Hannibal's face. Did he disgust the Alpha enough to cause that reaction? Will looked away, unable to bear it. He slipped away from Hannibal and began to head back to the car.

*

The car ride home was silent. No words at all. Not until they reached the back of the house.

During the drive Will's breath had hitched here and there. He seemed sad, but also angry perhaps? Hannibal couldn't quite tell with no words being uttered. He usually had a better understanding of the Omega - perhaps these ties between them were beginning to unravel.

It wasn't until the car stopped that Hannibal realised something was wrong. Over the intense smell of blood a new scent was filtering through. He looked over at Will who was pale and sweating now.

"Hannibal… I don't feel so good…"

*

Will woke in his bed. He wasn't sure how long he had passed out for. He had been stripped of all but his underwear and he sweat was mixing with the blood that still covered his skin.

He scented Hannibal before he entered the room.

"Alpha…" It came out almost as a moan and he stretched himself on the bed in an instinctive attempt to be alluring.

Hannibal hesitated at the door, holding a cloth and bowl of water. He paused for a moment before approaching Will.

"I'm going to clean you up Will, and then… I have… I brought these for you." He hesitated over the words and Will could see why once he indicated the box already placed on the bedside table. Dildo and knotting toys. At their sight Will let out desperate whimper.

"No… please Hannibal… Alpha…" He moved forward and took hold of Hannibal's arm. "Please…"

Will could feel the burning rising within him. His mind was too clouded to think much past the gap in his meds and excitement of the hunt and whether that combination had been a good idea. He would be in heat in a matter of hours and the thought of doing it alone terrified him. He wasn't sure he had ever realised that before.

“Not alone, please.”

Hannibal stepped out of his reach. “You don’t know what you’re asking Will. I can’t…”

“I repulse you that much! You’re the closest thing I have to… anything! You’re the only one who can help me.”

Will grabbed Hannibal’s hand and lay back on the bed, pulling the hand with him and trailing it down his chest and abdomen. The hand lingered, and Will savoured the touch, but just above his underwear Hannibal snatched his hand away. Will practically snarled at the loss and rolled enough to push Hannibal away.

“Go then. If you can’t bear to touch me! If you don't want to then I'll need to get into town and find an Alpha. I won’t do this alone!” Will rolled further and off the bed, blood covered the sheets.

Hannibal grabbed his wrist. “No… Will.”

Will snatched his hand away. “In a few hours I will barely be able to move for the need. If I’m going to find someone or go to a clinic, it has to be now. So either help me, or move out of my-”

Before he could finish the words Hannibal’s mouth was on his and he was groaning into the kiss. He grabbed at Hannibal’s shirt and tried to pull him as close as possible. His heart was thumping and he knew it wasn’t just his impending heat. Hadn’t he always wondered what it would be like to kiss the doctor? Hadn’t he wondered since the day they had met? Will whimpered into the kiss and Hannibal wrapped his arms around him, holding him close and deepening the kiss.

As Hannibal’s tongue slipped into his mouth, gently moving against his own, Will felt the slickness between his thighs. He pressed his growing arousal against Hannibal and was pleased to find the Alpha equally hard.

After a few minutes Hannibal broke away from him, panting, eyes hungrily taking in the view of Will bloodied and almost naked. Hannibal started removing his own clothes, his shirt now harbouring pinkish stains from the drying blood.

“Strip and turn.” He ordered, his tone cold, almost clinical.

And then reality struck Will. Hannibal didn’t want this, he was only doing it to help as Will had begged, but that wasn’t really enough. Will reached out and stilled Hannibal’s hands as they unbuttoned his own shirt.

“Please… it’s fine. Leave me be… I’ll take care of it.” He managed to hold back a sob that threatened.

Hannibal looked confused. “You’re in no state to go into town… I don’t… I don’t want you to have another Alpha.”

“I know. I won’t take another Alpha… I can’t… Not when… No, I can’t.” He shuddered as the burn inside him spiked for a moment. He held up his hand to stop Hannibal taking hold of him as he appeared to be intending. “I only want you, but I can’t make you, not when you don’t want me… I can’t do that… to either of us.”

Will felt tears on his cheeks that he hadn’t realised he had started to shed. “Please just go.”

Will turned to the bed so he didn’t have to look at Hannibal any more. The Alpha didn’t trust him or want him. His mind reeled through images and events from before and after the fall - killing together again, dinners, laughter, comfortable silences, Dolarhyde; all jumbled up. His heart felt like it was breaking as he allowed himself the realisation that Hannibal would never trust him enough to believe but even so -

“I love you. I fought it for a long time but I’ve loved you for as long as I can remember. I want you, I want us to belong to each other because we already do. We were made for each other and it took me so long to see that.” Will let out a shaky breath. “If you never believe me, if you think I’m lying again or it’s my physiology speaking and not me, even if you don’t want me I will stay. I will always stay, unless you ask me to leave.”

He turned back then to Hannibal. The Alpha’s mouth drooped with an uncontrollable sadness and his eyes were cast down.

“Please ask me to leave. I can’t keep hurting you. I can see it, I know I’m hurting you. If you are so repulsed by me, please ask me to leave and I will.”

“You don’t repulse me, Will.” Hannibal’s voice was rough and low. “You are everything to me… I wish… I want to believe you.”

“Trust me enough to trust that I know my own mind.” Will moved forward and cupped Hannibal’s cheek. “Please… I believed it too, I believed I only wanted you because it was a natural reaction to being so close to each other, I had to fight it, bury it because I had to do my job. I had to believe that I felt nothing more than my physiology was trying to make me feel.” He brought his other hand up to Hannibal’s face. “But it’s not true. The first time we spoke you set a fire in me that I have been unable to extinguish. When I killed Tier I knew. When I betrayed you I knew. When you hurt me… It never changed Hannibal. I tried to fight it but when we killed together, when we died together and began a new life I knew. When you killed tonight, I knew more than anything in this world we are meant to be together and I love you Hannibal.”

Hannibal placed his hands over Will’s and looked the Omega in the eyes. That look sent a shiver through Will that he felt in his core.

“Will you believe me Hannibal?” He could feel himself getting fuzzy, it was harder to stay focused but he would still send Hannibal away, make do with toys and call a clinic in the morning. “Stay or leave, it’s your decision…”

*

Hannibal savoured Will’s lips.

If he hadn't believed Will before, not trusted the Omega to know his own physiology, what reason did he have to doubt now? Will was strong and willful. So strong as to be fighting his oncoming heat in order to make these declarations. How could he not believe that?

"I want you Will." He muttered against the Omega's lips, between light and nipping kisses. "I love you, I want you to be mine."

He felt Will sigh and sag against him, his fight over, allowing the heat to take him now. "I've always been yours Hannibal."

Hannibal's chest tightened and he could do little more for a moment than claim Will's mouth once more.

It was the Omega, willful thing that he was, that deepened the kiss and ripped open Hannibal's shirt the rest of the way, pulling it from his shoulders in a smooth motion before starting on his belt buckle.

Hannibal pushed Will's underwear off his hips and the Omega wriggled for a moment until they dropped to the floor leaving him completely naked and waiting for Hannibal. He could smell Will's arousal, the slick, the heat induced sweat beading on Will's skin. A delicious scent that promised more.

"I want to taste you Will." He breathed the words against Will's neck.

"Please…" Will groaned and he pushed himself away from Hannibal, stepping from his underwear and positioning himself on his bed, ass high - presenting. Hannibal could barely draw breath at the sight. It was an appealing position and usually the first position taken between a mating couple, but Hannibal immediately missed Will's pleasing countenance. Even so, his mouth watered and he reasoned it would do in this moment as he marvelled at Will's slick wet thighs.

Hannibal stepped out of his remaining clothes and moved behind Will. The Omega gasped as Hannibal spread him open and ran his tongue over Will's entrance. He moaned low at the taste which caused Will to shudder under his tongue. He drew back before licking again, spearing his tongue into Will before drawing back to lap again at the slick flowing from the Omega.

"Will…" Hannibal pressed kisses into Will's damp inner thighs and behind his balls. "Oh, Will…" The Omega moaned again and arched his back, keening for more. Hannibal continued to lay tender kisses as he moved his fingers to Will's hole, circling them in the slick before pushing them inside. Another moan and a deeper arch resulted.

"Hannibal…" Will pushed himself back onto Hannibal's fingers. "I want… claim me. I'll ask… But I mean it…"

Hannibal understood and his cock throbbed, knot already painfully engorged. All Omegas ask, they all want to be knotted and bitten in heat whether that is what they truly desire or not. To know Will truly wanted it-

-Hannibal drew back and away from Will, before taking hold of his hips and flipping him easily onto his back. Will puffed out a surprised breath and then grinned up at him, reaching out his arms to draw Hannibal to him between his widely spread legs. Hannibal went willingly, pressing Will to the bed as he kissed him, their cocks pressed together with teasing friction.

“Hannibal…” Will broke the kiss and breathed out the word, strain showing in his face as he struggled to keep control of himself. “Love… you…” Will nodded with the words and Hannibal took his mouth again. He didn’t break the kiss as he pulled off a little, reached down and lined himself up with Will’s slick entrance.

He pushed in slowly, one smooth motion that had them both groaning into their kiss.

“Darling Will…” He moved his mouth to Will’s neck, nuzzled into the scent gland there and breathed deeply the familiar and welcoming scent of his mate, fogged slightly by the scent of almost fresh blood. He took deep, slow thrusts into Will as he kissed and sucked at Will’s throat, the side of his neck, the top of his shoulder. Reddening the expanse of pale flesh with his teeth, replacing the red of the blood.

“Aahhh….” Will’s groan turned into a breathy word - “Alpha...”

Hannibal grunted at the word and clutched Will tightly as he rocked into him harder and faster until he could feel the build of pleasure low in his belly.

“Hannibal…” Will managed the word with some effort and it jolted straight through the Alpha. He thrust hard and deep until his knot was pressed tight to Will’s rim, and then slowly pushed into him. He filled the Omega completely and the pressure on his knot zinged pleasure to his very core. Hannibal came as he clamped his teeth down onto Will’s neck, claiming him with the bonding mark.

He tasted blood in his mouth and wondered if this really was happening. After everything they had been through, was Will really his? He lapped at the blood and continued to thrust through his orgasm. He felt Will tense and the the Omega came untouched, spilling between them, his inner muscles gripping Hannibal until the Alpha came again, crying Will’s name.

*

Will grinned at Hannibal and dropped the file onto the desk in their study. Hannibal was watching him with a knowing smile, from one of the overstuffed armchairs in front of the fireplace.

“Another Will? So soon? You enjoy making plans.”

“A particularly bad person.” Will explained, though he knew he didn’t need to. Hannibal would always indulge him whether in hunting or anything else.

Hannibal raised his glass and sipped. Will knew he was being watched over the rim. He moved slowly towards his Alpha, creeping into his lap so that he was straddling Hannibal. He

took the glass and finished the drink before placing it down. He pinned Hannibal's arms down and licked flat and wet up the side of Hannibal's neck.

"Some would say I'm a handful for an Omega." Whispered against Hannibal's throat.

"My hands are the perfect size for you." Hannibal replied lightly and Will laughed.

When silence fell once more Will pushed his hips to Hannibal's, licking his lips as their growing arousals pressed against each other.

"Will you tear out his throat?"

"If that is what you wish."

Will hummed his desire and kissed Hannibal deeply before pulling back.

"Yes. I think it's beautiful when you do that."

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